

THE UNIVERCELM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

"THE THINGS WHICH ARE SEEN ARE TEMPORAL; BUT THE THINGS WHICH ARE NOT SEEN ARE ETERNAL."

VOL. I.

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NO. 25

The Principles of Nature.

"THE IMPRISONED JESUS."

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

"A wooden cup, filled with water, emblematic not of blood, but of tears—a loaf of coarse bread, such as is now the food of serf and slave, was once the food of Jesus. * * * Behold the Sacrament of the Poor!"

These words were spoken many hundred years ago, in a wide and lofty temple. There was no sunlight there. Torches held aloft by the arms of stalwart men, gave a red light to the place of prayer. It was a cathedral, but no human hand had raised its arch. Almighty God was the architect.

The torchlight glared upon the roof of the cavern, and disclosed the forms of four thousand kneeling worshippers. Beneath that gloomy arch, while the deathly stillness of the cavern brooded all around, they knelt, afar from the light of the summer sun, afar from the dismal battle-fields which blackened the valleys of Bohemia, afar from the world, the church, the stern faces of the monarch, and the priest.

In the center of the cavern, an old man, whose rude garment and snow-white hair gave him an appearance at once venerable and apostolic, stood erect, his feet placed upon a rock, which rose from the stone floor, like an altar from the floor of a church.

Around the rock stood four men, whose foreheads bore the marks of much toil—the scars of battle, and the stolid apathy of sullen endurance—and in their right hands they raised the blazing pine knots above their heads. They wore swords at their sides.

"My brothers—" said the old man, and he beheld the old men, and the brown-haired youth, who knelt upon the cavern floor. "My sisters—" and he gazed upon the women, the daughters of the poor, who, coarsely attired, yet with a rude wild beauty in their sunburnt faces, had come to the recesses of the earth, so that they might freely worship God. "My children—" and the gray eye of the aged man, glaring far through the cavern, whose expansive roof glowed redly with the torchlight, beheld the bowed heads of four thousand men and women. A deathlike stillness reigned. Only the tremulous voice of that old man, and the murmuring of an earth-hidden stream were heard.

"My brothers, my sisters, my children, we have come here to spend an hour with God. Many battles have been fought, our native land has grown rich in graves. Still there is no peace for us on the face of the earth—banished from church and cathedral—hunted like savage beasts from the light of the sun, this place at least is free. In this temple, not made with hands, but shapen by Jehovah, we can commune for an hour with our Father. Around the communion altar of our Lord, we can forget all that is dark and evil in the world, and only remember that we are all brothers and sisters, and that the good God is our father."

He paused for an instant, while his withered hand was laid upon his breast.

"Let us partake of the sacrament of our Lord Jesus together, and with one heart my children! There is no golden goblet here, to scare the poor man from the table of the Lord—no costly wine, to make him feel ashamed of his poverty. * * * A wooden cup, filled with water, emblematic not of blood, but of the tears of Christ—a loaf of coarse bread, such as is now the food of serf and slave, such as was once the food of Jesus. * * * Behold the Sacrament of the Poor!"

On a rock which rose before him, a huge wooden bowl was placed. It was filled to the brim with clear cold water. Beside it a loaf of coarse bread; such bread as the poor have watered with their tears, and crimsoned with their blood since the hour when "It is finished!" quivered from the lips of a God-like face, that smiled over the multitude of Calvary.

"It is not for us," the aged man exclaimed—"Not for us to drink the blood of Christ. We can only tell him our anguish, and drink his tears."

This wooden bowl filled only with water, the loaf of coarse bread—the black bread of serfdom and manacled labor—was the sacrament, which the four thousand hunted outcasts were about to share together.

The heads of the multitude were raised; kneeling on the cavern floor they saw the rock, the bowl, and the bread, while, standing out from the blackness, the figure of that solitary old man shone in the torchlight.

"One is absent from our feast,"—the old man said. And from tongues innumerable trembled the name of the absent one, and prayers were uttered fervently, and hearts spoke earnestly to God, at the mention of the absent brother.

"John Huss!"—the gloomy cavern echoed with the name.

"He has gone to Constance; gone to meet the vassals of anti-christ; gone alone to assert in the faces of kings, that faith which the Lord Jesus delivered many hundred years ago, to his people the poor. And all the chains and scourges, and swords of the priest and the king, have not been able to rend that faith from the hearts of the poor, through the long night of ages. We hold it still, and to us it says—as it will say forever to our children, that great multitude who are born only to toil and die!—'The Lord Jesus was a son of toil, and he is the only Redeemer of the poor.'"

The old man's voice was no longer weak and tremulous. It gathered strength, as his eye brightened into new life. His tones, strong with almost preternatural vigor, awoke the echoes of the dismal cavern. Not an ear but heard his words, not a heart but throbbed quicker at their sound.

"My brothers, my sisters, ere we mingle in the communion of our Lord, let us pray for the Absent One!"

All was still, as the old man knelt upon the rock. Every murmur was hushed, but the hands of the people were clasped with great earnestness, and their faces were stamped with a silent anguish.

It was a solemn sight to see that outcast old man, whose hairs had grown gray in damnable heresy, kneeling alone upon the rock, while four thousand outcast men and women knelt around him, and his lips uttered an earnest, though blasphemous prayer for the absent outcast.

For John Huss, the wretched heretic, who had gone to Con-

stance, to tell consecrated priests that their golden garments were stained with the blood of the poor, to confront anointed kings with the blasphemous assertion—"Ye are guilty in the sight of God. Your thrones are built upon the skulls of the human race; even amid the sunshine of your royal sway, I see the darkening cloud of Almighty anger."

After the prayer was said—every word echoed by the throb of four thousand hearts—the old man rose, and the four men who held their torches near him, placed a veiled figure by his side. They lifted it from the cavern floor, and raised it with a sturdy impulse upon the rock. It may have been a living being, or only a dumb thing of metal or of stone—perchance, a skeleton which once was a soul—but no eye might behold its outlines, for a veil of sackcloth covered it from head to foot.

Much wonder was there in the earth-hidden vault, as with uplifted faces the kneeling people beheld the sackcloth which enshrouded the unknown figure. Murmurs echoed from lip to lip, until the broad arch above flung back their accumulated emphasis, with a sound like thunder.

The old man placed his hand upon the veiled figure—every withered line of his face was stirred with emotion.

"In a few moments your eyes shall behold it. Yet, ere we mingle around the altar of the sacrament, let me repeat to you all, a strange history which my father told me, when I was but a little child. After the history is told, I will lift the veil, and you shall behold——"

He glanced toward the shrouded thing, and while every heart throbbed with anxiety to hear his words, he uttered the history which old men had told to him.

Shall we, for a little while, leave this gloomy cavern, and go back, from the age of John Huss into other and more distant ages?

Shall we dare to tell the incredible history of that shrouded thing, which, covered with sackcloth, stood on the rock by the old man's side?

A CAPTIVE rising from the straw which littered the floor of his cell, inscribed on the dingy wall these figures—

3-6-5-1.

Through the only window of the cell—narrow and high, it opened to the east, permitting a glimpse of earth and sky to be seen—came the soft warmth of a declining summer day. That mild glow disclosed the bare walls, the high arch, the miserable straw which littered one corner of the cell. It was in truth a desolate place, and the ray of sunlight only made it seem more black and gloomy.

As the Captive rose, it might be seen that his form resembled a skeleton, endued by a supernatural hand with something like life, and clad in coarse attire, with thin flakes of gray hair falling about his bony forehead and hollow cheeks. He walked very slowly along the floor, lifting his large eyes—which all the while seemed like lighted coals placed in the orbits of a skull—toward the light, and bared his fleshless arm.

Then, with a sharp nail he pierced a shrunken vein, and with his blood traced on the wall of the cell, the letters—3-6-5-1.

But first he effaced from the wall, certain letters inscribed in dim red characters—3-6-5-0.

And while with the point of the rusted nail, moistened by his blood, he performed this singular work, like a man influenced by a solemn vow, the sunlight shone as if in mockery, upon his skeleton form, and played right cheerily with his bony forehead and large, brilliant eyes.

The Captive stood with folded arms, surveying in silence the figures he had written with his blood. It was as though some harrowing memory was associated with those red characters, for not for a single moment did his gaze wander, or the expression of his features change.

The light began to fade, and the shadows, which had assumed various fantastic forms, gathered in one vague mass, around the solitary Captive.

There came suddenly through the thick walls a low deep sound, which awoke the imprisoned wretch from his reverie. Now it seemed like distant music, now like a chorus of dying groans, now like the accumulated whispers of an affrighted, panic-stricken crowd. It was only the Organ of a Chapel, thundering its deep tones through echoing arches, as the evening hour brought on the darkness.

Not far from the Captive's cell, the Chapel disclosed its Image of the Virgin to the last kiss of day; indeed, the Chapel and the Cell were combined in the same edifice, a Monastery, whose dark spires and turrets rose against the fresh verdure of a beautiful valley.

The Captive heard the sound of the Organ mingled with the chanting of the evening hymn, and bent his head lower upon his breast, raising his eyes all the while from beneath his compressed brow, to gaze upon the red figures—3-6-5-1.

In the Chapel of the Monastery, that Organ spoke out with a deep voice of music and religion, and the vesper hymn, pealing from the lip of Monk and Nun, awoke in every heart a living hope of immortal joy.

But to the Captive, shut out from all the world, withered by hopeless imprisonment—blood, and heart, and brain, stricken with the palsy of despair—that evening mass, echoing through the thick walls, had a singular message.

It did not say to his leaden ear—"Look up Child of God, the sun is setting over hill and valley, but there is Hope for you in the night, and Glory in the cloud!"

To him it spoke with a far different voice. As he bent his head, and by the fading light beheld the mysterious figures traced in his blood growing dim and dimmer every moment, the solemn Mass, chaunted by Monk and Nun, deepened by the thunder-tone of the Organ, uttered a sad message. It said—

"You were young. Your step was firm. Your eye bright. Your heart full of life, and your brain as wide and free in its thought as the blue sky of heaven. Now you are old, miserably old; you tremble on the floor of your cell, an unburied corpse. Once a father blessed you as you crossed the cottage threshold—once a mother pressed her hands upon your head, and blessed you, as the Hope which God had given to her old age. Once a girl, beautiful even in her homely peasant garb, placed her hand in yours, and promised to be your wife. Now look from yonder window, and behold the blackened walls of your ruined home. Look beyond those walls, and see the graves of the old man, your father, and the peasant woman, your mother. Your betrothed! Seek for her in the living grave—in the tomb like unto that which encloses yourself—in the Convent cell, a pale, withered form, shrouded in the white robe of a Nun!"

This was the message of the vesper hymn to the soul of the solitary Captive. For ten years it spoke to him, in that cell; every day its message pealing sadder, darker, and more like the accent of hopeless despair.

To me, the image of that solitary Captive, shut out from the world, in the Tenth Century, confined while living, in the hopeless imprisonment of a Bohemian Monastery, his death-lighted eyes fixed upon the figures traced on the damp wall with his blood, presents an image of superhuman despair.

He could see the blasted roof-tree of his home from the window, behold the sunset smiling upon the graves of his peasant people. He felt that his betrothed peasant-wife, transformed into a nun—"a living corpse," as the old books have it—was near him, only separated by a solitary wall. And yet he did not gaze from the window, nor listen for the voice of his peasant wife. Roused from his straw by the impulse of a stern and sullen duty, he had inscribed those mysterious figures on the wall, and stood gazing upon them with his large, sad eyes.

The Crime of this wretch? Wherefore swept away from hu-

manity and its hopes, into the life-in-death of this cell? Wherefore trace with his blood upon the wall, the figures 3651, after first erasing 3650?

We dare not guess his crime—have not the courage to penetrate the mystery of those crimson numerals.

Night deepened over the scene, and by the starlight his figure was dimly revealed, still standing with the face to the wall, as though through the darkness he sought to read the inexplicable inscription.

There was a sound of jarring bolts—the tread of footsteps in the passage—the door of the cell rolling on its hinges, gave passage to a flood of joyous light. Still the Captive did not turn; the warm light, shining over his shoulders, revealed the inscription, and for the first time, in a low voice, he spoke—

“Three thousand six hundred and fifty-one,” he said, and was silent.

And all the while, a brave company of Monks, clad in satin and velvet, warriors glittering in steel and gold, came thronging through the doorway of the cell, their fine attire flashing and glowing in the strong radiance.

Amid this gay band—for even the Monks, with faces round and oily, seemed joyous in the plenteousness of flesh and soft apparel—two figures were prominent. One was a Monk, the abbot of the Monastery; the other a Knight, the lord of the broad lands extending from the domains of the Monastery to far distant forests.

There was no care upon the Abbot's face. Corpulent and complacent, he seemed defended from all thought by his soft silken gown, and on his rotund form he bore a shining cross of gold, hanging to his apoplectic neck by a golden chain. Above the vivid redness of his cheeks, above his small eyes, almost hidden in laughing wrinkles, some scattered white hairs gleamed, like scanty snow-flakes trembling on the verge of a red-hot furnace. He was a corpulent man, and a righteous withal—ah! Had you but seen his complacent smile ripple upward over his unctuous cheeks!

As he beheld the Captive, a look of compassion seemed struggling into life from the fulness of his face.

The Warrior by his side. A gaunt form, cased in armor of steel, with a gold drop sparkling here and there, and a huge sword—it was two handed—hanging from his left shoulder to his feet. A bunch of white plumes waved over his steel helmet, and beneath his raised vizor appeared his face. The features coarse and bold, the eyebrows thick and gray, the eyes fierce and penetrating, the wide mouth and large jaw full of the Iron will of an Iron Soul.

Even his face gleamed with something like pity, as his sharp eyes rested on the solitary Captive, who, with his back turned toward the brilliant company, gazed steadily upon the wall.

As for the Monks and the Soldiers, who, treading at the heels of the Abbot and the Lord, came thronging over the threshold—the torches smoking and flaming over their heads—they watched the faces of their masters for a moment, and then took courage to gather something like pity into their eyes.

The Abbot spoke. It would have done you good to hear him. So soft, so bland his tone, gliding from his lips, smooth as olive oil over a burnished platter.

“Wretch!” he said.

It was kindly meant, no doubt; but the Captive did not answer. It may be that he did not hear the soft word. For ten years, no human being had spoken to him one word of kindness, and it was plainly to be seen that his ears were sealed to every thing like the sound of a human voice.

The Lord in the terrible armour, with the potent sword hanging at his shoulder, now essayed his power. He was eloquent—

“Heretic!” he said; and laid his hand, gloved in steel, upon the living skeleton.

The miserable Criminal turned slowly, and looked with his

large eyes on the face of the stern Knight and the rotund Abbot.

“Three thousand six hundred and fifty—one.”—This was all the Captive said, and his sunken cheeks were flushed by the torch-light, his eyes unnaturally bright at all times, were touched with a mocking glare.

“Michael.”—The Abbot placed a hand glittering with rings upon the Criminal's tattered garment—“do you repent of your hideous crime? Do you renounce the power of Lucifer?”

The Prisoner, folding his big hands over his sackcloth, looked vacantly in the face of the Abbot. It was a pitiful contrast. That dumb image of Famine, with idiocy glaring from the large eyeballs, and this rotund embodiment of corpulence, glowing all over with complacency and holiness. Here a Skeleton, covered with sackcloth—there an Ideal of Flesh, enshrined in satin, with such a gay, golden cross, moving to the slow pulsations of a little heart. Indeed it was a miserable contrast.

“I will try him, reverend Father,”—said the Knight, glancing grimly over his servitors, all clad in armor, terrible with club of iron and sword of steel—“Michael, would you like a little sunlight, a little free air? Dost hear me? Would you like to feel your foot upon the mountain sod, and draw a good long breath of freedom, ere you die?”

Something like intelligence began to burn in the eyes of the wretched man.

“Three thousand six hundred and fifty—one,” he said, in a shrill voice, slightly raising his joined hands.

We are afraid that this contrast is not one whit less painful than the first. Here a living skeleton, slightly lifting his long hands while something like Reason begins to burn in the dumb anguish of his face—there a splendid warrior, glorious in golden helmet and snowy plumes, terrible with steel armour and two-handed sword.

“Noble Lord, let me speak to him,”—and the good Abbot wearing on his heart a golden cross, which was supposed to remind him of the Wooden Cross on which a long-suffering Being died some hundred years ago, spoke blandly to the Idiot.

“Mary!” he said.

At once the dawning intelligence brightened into day. The Idiot's vacant eye burned with sudden fire. There came slowly over his death's-head face a glow that lighted up the sunken features, and made him look like a living man.

“Mary!” he echoed, and then relapsing into his vacant mood again, murmured, with a sad smile—“three thousand six hundred and fifty—one.”

It was ever remarkable; he laid a peculiar emphasis on the word One.

“Wretch! There is no hope!” the Abbot benevolently said, and turned away. The Monks, as though answering to some solemn litany, chorused—“Wretch! There is no hope!”

But the grim Knight, whose features bore the stern impress of fifty years of blood, looked in the Idiot's face with a glance that seemed something like impression.

“I will rouse him”—he roughly said, and then, laying a hand upon the arm of the Captive, began in his abrupt, impetuous way—“Michael, I say, Michael, dost thou remember me, my boy?”

The Idiot's face was vacant.

“Thou wert once a page in the hall of my castle, Michael. A braver youth I never saw. Light in step, courtly in speech, thine eyes bright, and thy form like a vigorous sapling. Don't remember the old castle, Michael? Thou wert a pleasant lad, the son of a serf, and yet my father took thee to be his page. Took thee, when thou wert a baby on thy peasant mother's knee. And dressed thee in soft apparel, and taught thee knightly duty God's blood,”—the Knight swore a knightly oath—“Canst thou not call it to mind?”

Still the big eyes of the Idiot glared vacantly upon him. No gleam of humanity there! A skeleton, with fire-coals shining

from the orbits of his eyes—nothing but a skeleton, clad in sackcloth, and placed on his feet by a supernatural power.

"Idiot! He cannot remember—no more sense than a piece of rotten wood!"

Here, the soldiers true to their duty, repeated their lord's ejaculation, looking into his stern face all the while.

"I will touch him gently,"—whispered the excellent Abbot, advancing from the throng—"Don't thou remember me? Thou wert wont to come oftentimes, from the Castle to the Monastery, dressed like a gay page, Michael—many and many a time. And an aged Brother of our Order taught thee to read, to write Michael, and permitted thee to read the books of our library, my good child."—

His good child! So withered in his sackcloth, with the gray hairs hanging over his skull-like face—a very strange kind of Child, I trow.

"Dost thou remember me, Michael?"

But the Idiot's eyes were vacant still.

"And then, Michael, in thy journeys from the Castle to the Monastery"—resumed the Abbot—"and from the Monastery to the Castle back again, thou didst chance upon a peasant girl wondrous fair, and pleasant to look upon. Thou didst exchange vows of love with her, with Mary, Michael—with Mary—I say—Mary!"—

How the sudden Reason looked out again from the Idiot's great glittering eyeballs!

"Mary!" he echoed—"Mary!" and he raised his bony hand to his forehead, and seemed wrapt in thought. He removed it in a moment; his face was pitiful and vacant again; slowly down his hollow cheek rolled a single tear.

The grim Lord bade the soldier by his side to turn his torch away; for, said he, with a Lordly curse—"The light hurts mine eyes!"

But the Corpulent Abbot, determined to restore the wretch to something like reason, went on in his pleasant voice—

"But then, Michael, loved as thou wert by all within Castle and Monastery, pledged in vows of betrothal to the peasant maid, thou didst, at once, dash thy best hopes into dust, by a hideous crime. Thou didst—Blessed Saints, be merciful to me, for I can scarce gather strength to speak it!—violate all laws, human and divine, and crimson thy soul with the guilt of unpardonable sin. 'Tis ten years since we endeavored to preserve thy soul from utter ruin, by a little needful and blessed severity. We separated thee and thy peasant bride. We consigned thee to the silence and seclusion of this cell, first forcing upon thee the solemn vow of our Order. And, as thy Father and Mother, Michael, participated in thy guilt, we made a blessed example from their ashes!"—

"I remember the day when they were burned,"—suggested the Knight. "Mary, my page,"—he looked into Michael's vacant face—"was forced to take the veil in the Convent, after!"—

He paused suddenly. At the word "*after*," the Idiot's eyes again flashed with a sudden consciousness; his lips moved. His long knotted fingers were clenched with a violent gesture.

"After!" What did it mean? that word that died half-uttered on the tongue of the noble Lord? Perchance, some allusion to an illustrious custom of the ancient ages, which gave to the Lord of broad lands unlimited control over the life and person of any serf who might chance to be born upon those lands.

"Thou didst, Michael, commit the unpardonable crime," the good Abbot continued, crossing his hands upon his rotund body—"Dost thou repent of it, now?"

The Idiot's eyes were blank as white parchment.

"Didst not, Michael,—I speak, my good child, for the good of thy soul—go into the hot fields, where the serfs were at their toil, and tell them that the good God would one day give to them—the hewers and diggers—the land on which they spent their sweat and blood? Didst thou not dare to take the Bible from

our Monastery, and tell the serfs such damnable falsehood as this, and also assert, that it was written on the holy page?"

The Monks groaned in horror—the soldiers joined in chorus. "Three thousand six hundred and fifty-one," murmured the Idiot.

"Didst thou not stand by the wayside, and tell the gaping serfs, that the Church was a Lie, built up in stone and plaster; and the Castle a blasphemy cemented in blood, and that both Church and Castle stood upon foundations of human skulls?"

That Monk and Lord were combined together, in a Satanic League, whose motto was evermore—"Shame to the Carpenter's Son, and death to his brothers and sisters, the Poor!"—It makes my blood run cold to speak it!"

"Thou didst call the Lord Jesus a Carpenter's Son!" cried the awe-stricken Knight. "Thou didst. With my own ears I heard thee!"

In answer to these terrible accusations, the Idiot-Captive said never an intelligent word, only unclosing his shrivelled lips to murmur, "Three thousand six hundred and fifty-one!"

"And then Michael—poor boy—grown bold in crime, as the serfs followed thee in crowds to the mountain side, and listened to thy ravings all day long; thou didst even spread the Bible before their unlearned eyes, and utter a heresy too damnable for repetition. Yet I will repeat it, in order to impress upon thy soul the full enormity of thy crime. '*The day comes,*'—thou didst speak—'*when there shall be, nor Priest, nor Lord, nor Castle, nor Church. Then shall the earth become a garden, and all men brothers, in the name of the Lord Jesus, the Messiah of the Poor.*'"

The monks and the soldiers started back with one impulse of horror, leaving the corpulent Abbot in his satin, and the Knight in his armor, alone with the blasphemous wretch.

"But I came upon thy serfs and thee, with my good riders!" the Knight said benevolently—"it was night and ye were sleeping on the mountain side. We came upon your band of Rebels and Heretics with club and sword. Only one was spared—Michael thou wert the only one, out of some fourscore. We spared thee!"

"In mercy!" smiled the Abbot, smoothing the creases in his robe with his fat hands—"in compassion."

The Idiot-Captive raised his arm, withered as a branch of dead pine, and marked by innumerable minute scars.

"Three thousand six hundred and fifty-one," he muttered, turning his large eyes from face to face.

"What means he by these idle words, which he repeats so often?" and the good Abbot turned his round face toward his dear children, the Monks.

A monk with sharp thin features gave answer—

"It has been my office to bring bread and water to him," he said, pointing to the Captive Blasphemer—"And I have noticed every day, a different number writ on the wall, in blood red letters. Yesterday 'twas—I marked it well,—Three, Six, Five, and a Nought. To-day 'tis Three, Six, Five, and One. 'Tis writ with a sharp nail, and a little blood from his arm."

"Strange! Passing strange—" ejaculated the good Abbot—"What can the Idiot mean?"

"Days!" exclaimed the Captive, in a loud shrill tone, whose maniac wildness startled every spectator. "Days!"

And with his long bony finger he pointed to the blood-red figures on the dingy wall.

At once a light dawned on the Abbot's soul.

"Holy Apostles! The heretic means to say, that he has been imprisoned, just Three thousand six hundred and fifty-one days. Malignant even in his madness! He has written it upon the wall, with his blood!"

Extending his hand, the reverend Abbot pointed to the wall while his round visage, glowing with a godly fervor, was turned toward the stern countenance of the Land-Lord by his side.

There was a pause of breathless silence.

Here for a moment let us leave the dark cell and the dismal

Tenth Century, to Chant a hymn of solemn praise to the light and progress of the Nineteenth Century. The Holy Faith which the reverend Abbot preached, and for which the honorable Knight was willing to spill his blood, still survives in Europe, strong with the accumulated power of centuries, and blooms most gloriously in the land of the New World.

It takes various forms, displays its energy and beauty in every imaginable shape, and yet it is everywhere the same Old Creed, glorious and magnificent with the laurels of victory. In some lands it is called "Catholic," in others, "Orthodox Protestant." It wears gowns, and goes kneeling among Altars, in one place, and again we see it prim, severe, and puritanical, clad in sober household gear. But it is every where the same, everywhere fired by the same impulse, everywhere working and striking for the same great Purpose.

It is a consoling thought, that this holy creed which saith evermore—"To the Rich more riches—to the Lords more slaves—to the Poor more Poverty—to the Priest more power—" it is a holy thought of consolation, I say, to all right-minded people, that this righteous creed, surviving all Rebellions, Reformations, French Revolutions, flourishes in sturdy vigor at this hour.

This creed always stands in need of three things, a Priest, a Lord, a slave. How blessed its prospects in our new-world-land! Priests are here by thousands, lords by tens of thousands, slaves by millions. True, the Priest is simply called Reverend, the Lord, Bank Director, or Capitalist, the Slave, Operative, or a Domestic Institution! Names change, but the thing itself, never.

Every year the Priests get more Power, the Lords more land, and the great Mass, the millions, who must *dig*, whether Pope, Autocrat, or President rules, only grow rich in rags and chains.

So it was in Bohemia, in Europe eight centuries ago; And so it is now in America, in the Nineteenth Century.

To be sure there are rebels and fanatics who write and talk against the Holy Creed, and go to and fro, saying, in a mad way, that the Lord Jesus came not only to free man from spiritual but from temporal bondage, not only to strike the chains from the soul, but, alas! from his body—madmen and blasphemers! But these rebels and fanatics are Infidels; and righteous men, who believe in a Respectable Religion, and a Genteel Heaven, have nought to do with them. They are Anathema Maranatha in the eyes of all respectably religious people.

'Tis true, one of these fanatics, who feels his soul imprisoned by the ritual of the Church, and day after day writhes nearer unto death, as the sun rises and sets upon his hopeless bondage, may write upon some damp wall, certain blood-red figures, which symbolize the dumb anguish of his soul, but it is no matter. The Church grows richer. The Lord mightier. The Slave bends lower in the dust.

There have been such fanatics in various ages. There was a Luther, who wrote on the wall of his cell, and the figures inscribed there took voice and spoke terribly to the Priest and Lord. There was a Savonarola in Florence, who dared to blaspheme the Holy Alexander Borgia. He too, wrote certain blood-red figures, but they burned him one fine day in the streets of Florence, as a perpetual warning to all blasphemers. A pile of lighted logs, a strong chain, or a sharp sword—these are eloquent Preachers.

There was not long ago, a Washington, who wrote his figures upon the faces of King George's cut-throat Missionaries, and wrote with the point of his sword; but Washington is dead now, and the Tyrant who could not conquer us with the bayonet does it quite pleasantly by "Old English Law," and "Established Custom," and so the Holy Creed lives vigorously, even in our land.

The fame of a man, going before him, is like his shadow at sunrise; it gives the beholder a false idea of his greatness.

E. D. H.

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WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELUM,

BY J. W. REDFIELD.

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NUMBER II.

By the Index to Physiognomy it has been seen that we mean the Hand. Included in this Index is the fore-arm. It is easily seen that the hand and fore-arm belong to each other, and act together in a manner somewhat distinct from the upper arm. There is something simple and natural too in the exposure of the fore-arm together with the hand, which cannot be said of the arm above the elbow. It is fitting that the hand and face, which are the Index and Introduction to the science of nature, should be known and read of all men. Frankness requires the exposure of the hand and face, as modesty requires the concealment of the person.

THE INDEX OF WEIGHT.

In the fore-arm of man and of some of the lower animals there are two bones. The largest one of these which is attached to the arm, forming with it the elbow joint, is the index of the faculty of weight. It is called by anatomists the *ulna*. The length and size of this bone, relatively to the sign of vitality, (see Index No. I.) indicates the *strength* of the faculty of weight, or of judging of the force of the law of gravitation. If the faculty be large there is a disposition to exercise it in lifting and weighing things, and it is increased by exercise. In reference to animals as well as to men, if they exercise the faculty of weight greatly, it is a legitimate inference that they possess it in a superior degree. In the ourang outang, the monkey, the sloth, the squirrel, and all animals which hold their own weight in suspending themselves from trees, and which hold weights in their hands, as in conveying food to their mouths, the index of the faculty of weight is very remarkable. They have the *ulna* and thus the fore-arm very long compared with the rest of the body, and with the fore-arms of animals which exercise less of the faculty.

Weight is also shown in the force with which an object falls to the ground, or by the blow which a heavy body gives in falling. What is called a "weighty blow," as of a sledge hammer in the hand of a blacksmith, or of a loaded cane in the hand of a modern Hercules, depends more on the weight of the object than on the force with which it is wielded. The faculty of "weight" is increased in the blacksmith by great exercise, and the *index* of the faculty is increased by the action of the same law. The fore-arm is exceedingly long and large in the lion, and he is remarkable for his "heavy stroke," it being sufficient, as is said, to break the back of a horse. He is also associated with rocky places, where he makes his den, and where he can look up at the ponderous rock. Vitality is very great in the lion, indicated by very great length of spine, and it is well known that he lives to an immense age. If therefore the faculty of weight were no greater in him than in the short-lived animals, the *index* of the faculty would be exceedingly small—and if vitality were no greater in him than in the short-lived animals, the *index* of "weight" would be much larger than it is.

INDEX OF LIGHTNESS.

It may be said that *weight* and *lightness* are relative terms. Be it so. They are however distinct from each other, and have a *distinct signification*. All substances heavier than water are judged of according to their relative weight—and all substances lighter than water are judged of according to their relative degree of lightness. The standard of comparison in reference to both weight and lightness, is the specific gravity of water. It is philosophical to say that some substances have more gravity than lightness, and that some substances have more lightness than

gravity. Water is the *medium* between these, and in a kind of significance of its relation, is spread out on a level like an evenly dividing line.

The *weight* of matter is the action of the tendency of matter toward itself, which is in the direction of the greatest amount of matter in a given space—the *lightness* of matter is the action of its tendency to fill a vacuum, which is in the direction of the least amount of matter in a given space. Lightness is therefore positive, as much so as weight is, and there is a faculty of the mind which perceives lightness, as there is a faculty of the mind which perceives weight.

The index of the faculty of *lightness* is the *angular space between the thumb and hand*. The bone of the thumb next to the wrist is called the *metacarpal* bone of the *thumb*, and the bones of the hand next to the wrist are called the *metacarpal* bones of the *hand*. The separation of one of the metacarpal bones from the other four, which are closely bound together, is the effect of an internal cause, viz., the faculty of “lightness,” which judges of the tendency of matter towards space. The distance of the space, (or the degree of separation) between the thumb and hand, indicates the strength and degree of the faculty of “lightness,” or the power of judging of the relative lightness of things. The light element in which this faculty most exercises itself is the atmosphere, in which are all the lightest substances as vapor, gases and electricity. Other things which we particularly call light, as feathers, leaves, down, flower seeds, insects, butterflies, and birds themselves, float and *fly* about in the atmosphere, *all* seeming to be moved by wings, with this difference only that the insects and birds are obliged to put their wings in motion. The structure of birds is far lighter than that of fish and more land animals, the bones being far more cellular, and their bodies being covered with down and feathers. As they are themselves so light and belong to so light an element, and as they have so much to do with every thing light, as in catching insects and downy seed for food, in dressing their feathers, and in paying attention to the electrical state of the atmosphere, to light and to temperature, it is fair to infer that they possess the faculty of “lightness,” in a very superior degree; and certainly the index of the faculty is more remarkable in them than in any of the lower animals. There is a little bone in the wing corresponding to the metacarpal bone of the thumb, and this bone is separate and movable from the bones of the wing which correspond to the metacarpal bones of the hand. The foot and hand, by a law of relationship between these organs, may be used interchangeably, or simultaneously, as we see in the lower animals. By the same law the action of the feet and hands is reversed in birds, the wing, being used in progression, and the foot being used as a hand to grasp things, as in conveying food to the mouth, in the manner of the parrot, or in carrying off prey, in the manner of the hawk. The separation between what may be called the thumb and the fingers in the feet of birds, is very great, and is in them the observable index of the faculty of “lightness.” It is greater in the lark, the parrot and the mocking-bird, the magpie, the canary, and all light, gay-winged birds, than in the goose, the duck, domestic fowls, the dodo, and other birds of a more heavy phlegmatic character. The thumb and fingers in the most airy kind of birds are the perfect antagonists of each other, the separation being extreme.

Of all animals in which the index of “lightness” can be observed, birds exhibit the greatest volatility. The lightness of their spirits, agrees with the lightness of their bodies, of their habits, and of their associations. The ponderous, unwieldy elephant, has very little of the index of this faculty, and the sloth has none at all.

The use of the word “light” as an adjective to express the volatility of substances, is very apropos—the subtle element *light* showing its tendency toward space, or to fill a vacuum, more than any other of the imponderable substances. When we see the light or *lightning* from a cloud, filling the space which we

call darkness, in an instant of time, we have a vivid conception of a degree of diffusion which may be called *subtlety* or *lightness* itself. This is the reason why we naturally apply the term *light* to the character of any substance which has more tendency toward space than toward a center. When the faculty of “lightness” is suddenly or greatly excited, the thumb is separated from the hand to its full extent, by an involuntary muscular action. This occurs, for example, when, on a dark night, there is a sudden diffusion of light from an electric cloud. It may be observed how the thumb and hand are separated in that case, so that anything held between the thumb and finger would inevitably fall. When we witness the ascent of a balloon, the faculty of “lightness” is especially excited. It would be natural for a physiognomist, in such a case, to look at the effect upon the index of “lightness,” and he would see that the crowd of spectators would present a very uniform spectacle. The thumb and hand in nearly all of them would seem to repel each other. In the ascension of our Saviour, the artist has very aptly represented one or more of the beholders with the raised hands presenting the index of “lightness” toward the ascending object.

EQUILIBRIUM.

The equilibrium or balance between “weight” and “lightness” is the *specific gravity of water*. A perfect equilibrium makes no distinction between weight and lightness, neither of the objects compared together being heavier or lighter than the other. Of water we do not say that it is heavier or lighter than other substances, but we say that other substances are heavier, or lighter than water. This proves that the equilibrium of water does not depend on circumstances, but is constant. The beam in the scale of nature is a perpetual and unchangable equipoise. In this balance all things are weighed, and we offer this as a reason why water should be considered an emblem of Truth. Water, being liquid, is free to seek and find its own level, and is ever able to restore and preserve its equilibrium in the liability to lose it.

The faculty of “weight” judges of weight, and the faculty of “lightness” judges of lightness—but it is necessary that these two faculties should be in proportion to each other, and should both be strong to enable a person to judge of *equilibrium*. The ability to walk a narrow beam, to stand long on one foot, to dance a rope, to preserve the equilibrium of burthens on the head, to poise objects on a very small base, and to do other feats of a like nature, is indicated by the signs of the faculties of “weight” and “lightness” being large and in proportion to each other. The same indications are to be observed in persons who have a very steady, firm manner of walking—but those who tottle in their gait, or go from side to side, have the indexes of these faculties deficient and out of proportion. A person who is capable of walking straight when intoxicated, has these faculties and their signs larger than one who, from the same cause, reels and falls down. Animals, too, judge of equilibrium, and some of them much better than man. The squirrel, the opossum, the racoon, and other creatures which run about on the narrow limbs of trees without ever falling, have the index of “lightness,” as well as that of “weight,” very large. In birds these two signs, weight as well as lightness, are more remarkable than in any other animals. They manifest the power of equilibrium in a wonderful degree, and have sufficient occasion to do so. The possession of these faculties gives them occasion to exercise them. We do not stand on the ground, more familiarly than they rest on the limbs of trees, where, ever and anon, they are rocked by the wind without losing their balance, or even we may suppose, their quiet sleep. In them, the index of “weight,” (the length of the fore-arm,) is very great, and the index of “lightness” is quite equal. The stork, the heron, and some other birds are fond of standing on one foot, which is an exercise of equilibrium—and they have the indications very large. Birds “poise themselves on the wing,” particularly the eagle and falcon tribe, who have the indexes of weight and lightness in a

superior degree. This poising on the wing, with fine evolutions, which may be called the gait of birds, is said to be very effective in a flock of wild parrots—and they have both the sign of weight and lightness in a degree superior to most other birds. They love to exercise “weight” in hanging themselves about by their claws and bills.

But perhaps the most interesting examples are to be seen in the goat, the ibex, the chamois, the lama, and other animals which frequent, or live among the cliffs and rocks, where the loss of equilibrium would be the loss of life. In these animals the indexes of “weight” and “lightness” are in admirable proportion, and much larger than in the horse, the ox, the rabbit, and other animals which have less occasion for their exercise. The towering rocks which seek to reach the sky, and at the same time by their weight threaten a plunge into the lowest depths, gratify both our faculty of “lightness,” and our faculty of “weight”—and we may suppose that animals having these faculties large, love the sight of these objects for the gratification which they afford. No doubt such scenery, where massive rocks hang *poised* over precipices, and where every living body must preserve its own equipoise, is more pleasant to the chamois than the grassy plain and the luxuriant valley. The index of “lightness” in these animals, is the space between the small inner toe and the two long toes or hoofs, the former corresponding to the thumb in man, and the latter to the two first fingers. The lightness of their spirits, of their forms, and of their motions, is in keeping with their large faculty and index of “lightness.” Equilibrium gives grace of movement, as well as sure-footedness, qualities which these animals possess in so high a degree. *Grace* belongs essentially to *lightness* of motion. But there may be *agility*, like that of the monkey, without equilibrium or grace of movement. The monkey has the faculty and index of “weight” very large, as before stated, but the faculty and index of “lightness” are very small in him. He is therefore no judge of equilibrium, but has always to support himself by holding on. He cannot preserve his balance in the standing position without stepping about, as one must do when intoxicated. The exercise of “weight” is with him, however, a very excellent substitute for “equilibrium,” for if he is not able to keep his position in a tree in the manner of a squirrel or a bird, he can depend on his hands to keep himself from falling. He likes to present as large a base to the ground as possible, and is never seen to use one of his feet *singly*, as birds are so much inclined to do.

The index of “lightness” places the thumb where it may oppose the fingers, and thus makes it useful, particularly in holding *light, small* articles. This index is very small in the monkey, and hence he makes little if any use of the thumb, and does not concern himself about small things that have to be held between the thumb and fingers. Any thing offered him he takes hold of in a large way, as if he made nothing of such small favors. Were the faculty and index of “lightness” larger in him than they are, he would have more of the acknowledged human attributes, than he at present possesses. He would have that opposition of the thumb to the fingers which is so necessary to the exercise of skill and ingenuity in the arts, and be able to stand on so small a base as two feet instead of on “all fours,” one of the marks of superiority on which man prides himself.

THE DANCE OF THE DESERT, as it has been termed, is one of the most sublime and awful scenes in Nature. Immense pillars of sand are raised by the winds—sometimes they advance upon the traveler with such rapidity, that whole caravans have been overwhelmed—they are always followed by the simoom, and when the sun strikes upon them, they appear like pillars of fire; and sometimes as if spangled with gold. Like water spouts upon the ocean, their appearance is full of sublimity, but their pathway is marked by ruin.

THE FUTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCELM,

BY MRS. F. M. BAKER.

PEOPLE live too much for the *present*. They “labor, and tug, and strive,” to increase their *present* gains; they wish to outdo their neighbors *now*, and stop short of nothing which will help to accomplish their desires. They strive for mental excellence, for intellectual advancement, only to outshine some rival; to reach a more elevated round in the ladder of fame than some other fellow being has done. All seem to feel that beyond the present life, the effects of their present actions never extend.

The maxim so rife, that we brought nothing into this life, and can of course carry nothing out, is exceedingly prejudicial in its effects. To me, it seems that the more liberal and advanced religionists are behind those who still cling to the narrow and old, in one thing. The latter teach that our condition for the endless future is made or marred by our conduct in the present life; while the former, many of them at least, contend that the future state of being is wholly irrespective and unaffected by this. A medium ground seems to me more tenable and reasonable.

The spiritual self which I possess here, must form my future self, else it is not me, but some other creation which then exists. And for the same reason, the spirit which first awakes to a future existence must be the exact spirit which parted from this state of being, or I lose my own identity. If I awake to consciousness in a future state, in the midst of myriads of spiritual beings, precisely like myself in perfection, I cannot recognize myself from the rest; especially if I have undergone an instantaneous transformation from my present imperfection to a perfect spirituality; and the same of the rest. Such an idea seems to me pernicious. Does it not deprive man of his highest stimulus to spiritual advancement, to tell him that this advancement affects him only for this life? Teach him rather, that every impression made upon the spirit is ineffaceable, and will he not be the more anxious that these impressions be what they should be?

Or better—for I do not exactly like the idea of making impressions upon the spirit, as if it were a sheet of paper or marble slab, incapable of extension—teach him that every step gained in true science is but a new development of the spirit; and every true, vital action, is but its expansion; and every loving word, and ennobling thought, and sympathizing deed, is but its exaltation; while ignorance enshrouds it as in a thick mist of darkness; selfishness, prescription, and persecution contract it; and sin, and evil indulgences and practices debase it; and where is the person who would prefer the latter, to the former course of things?

Impress such ideas, as great truths, upon the mind, and they would have a weighty influence in bettering the condition of society. Difficult would be the task to find the person, utterly regardless of the condition upon which he enters upon another state of being. However low his indulgences, and sinful his practices here, he nevertheless has hope in the future; and rarely could one be found, who would willingly enter that future with a spirit as marred, and tainted, and cramped, as he feels it is here.

Especially would this be a beautiful lesson for children, as it would prove to them an additional incentive to well-doing and mental progress; over and above that satisfaction which is the more immediate result of such a course.

How glorious the idea, that a good, and noble, and true life here, only advances us farther in our spirituality, and the better prepares us for our next stage of advancement. How encouraging to those whose struggles with appetites and propensities are almost overpowering. How beautiful the thought that we may thus be every moment drawing nearer and nearer to the Spirit of all spirits.

THE UNIVERCÆLUM

AND

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHER.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

THE first week of May is known in New York as Anniversary week. The various Sectarian and Humanitary organizations of the country hold their annual gatherings, and the city swarms with strangers of all classes, colors and creeds. Men whose whole natures have been recast in the iron molds of Sectarian bigotry till the divine image of Humanity is effaced from the cold eye, and proud brow, and hard heart, jostle in the streets with those whose brows are all sunlit with truth, whose faces radiate with Spirituality, and whose eyes glow and whose lips are eloquent with Love. The Leaders of the two great hosts of Spirituality and Progress, of Formalism and Conservatism, lift up their voices alternately—the Party of the Future is here, and here also is the Party of the Past.

From a somewhat careful observation, we judge that the great Conservative Party in Religion and Government is conscious that it is losing ground. Its Leaders lift their heads as proudly as in years past, but the prevailing tone of their looks and addresses was Fear. The most eminent of the Orthodox Clergy—the men whose portraits are in all print shops, and whose writings, like the lice of Egypt, are found even in the chambers and kneading troughs, and whose churches are gaudy with crimson hangings and stained windows, and whose names are bespangled over with titles from Yale, and Oxford, and Edinburgh—these come—with premonitory flourish of trumpets and laudatory echoes in pulpits and in presses, sectarian and secular—and as they rise to speak, charged with love of souls, or what souls are possess of, to the very brim, they see before them an audience of gaily dressed and fashionable ladies, intermixed with sleepy children; and their strongest appeals fall deadened on an atmosphere of patchouly and cologne, or at most shock the nerves of some stray Bond street exquisite. Badinage aside, men, thinking men, seem almost to have abandoned these Sectarian gatherings, and the field is yielded to Clergymen and fashionable Ladies.

Statistical returns shew that old Sectarism, with its ritual of ceremony, and its creed of hate, is losing ground in all enlightened portions of the land. Its triumphs are won only where Orthodoxy is made fashionable by splendid churches, or where Common Schools and Lyceums have but a precarious tenure. Our Religionists of the Conservative order make capital with the rich by denouncing Reform, with the gay by wedding Theology to Fashion, with the exclusive by shutting their churches against the Poor, with the morose by preaching damnation to the Disbeliever. But Christ, the God-like Carpenter of Judea, has no place in their creeds or lives, their temples, or their hearts. Orthodox Sectarism is becoming the friend of the Oppressor, the protegee of Fashion, the scorn of the Good, and the neglecter of the Poor. It is divorced from Religion—it is separated from Goodness. It must die. Every year it becomes more difficult for the Church to sustain its machinery for Proselytism. It can only gain the gold which is its life, by allying itself to the Wealth and Fashion of the land. Hence it is compelled to be silent concerning the crying sins and abominations of the affluent and powerful at home. It pities the heathen in Bengal, but it has no tear for the heathen in our very midst. It threatens the Infidels of Faith with eternal torment, but it fills its churches with Infidels of Heart and Life. Warriors, and Speculators, and Political Gamblers, the Pilates and Herods of our day, sit down together in the gaudy pews; they break the bread that is em-

blematic of the slain Christ, but their hands are bloody with the broken body of the Christ of Humanity, "whom with wicked hands they have crucified and slain." The Tabernacle thunders with damnation to the man who doubts the creed of Calvin, or the authority of Moses, but the men who applaud most, rent houses for Brothels, and ship rum to Africa, and the North-West Coast. The gold on the contribution plate is stained with the shame of the Outcast, and the blood of the Poor. The Church dare not attack the rich man's vices, for its life-blood flows not from the Heart of Jesus, but from the Iron Safes of Wall street. The money changers sit in the Temple—there is no longer a Divine Jesus there, for they have cast him out, in the person of the Humanity they have trampled on. But they cannot silence his voice,—“I never knew you, depart from me ye workers of iniquity, inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these my brethren ye did it not unto me.”

There is a page in History which the world read once and is reading over now. It is that page which records the struggle of Heathenism, the State Religion of the Roman Empire, the Orthodoxy of the First Century, with Christianity—the heresy that went abroad immortal with the living spirit of Jesus, strong with the heroism of ten thousand persecuted Confessors, and bleeding Martyrs. Heathenism had on its side the Army, the Statesmen, the Fashion, the Temples, the Priesthood of the Age. The Christians met in upper rooms, were poor, persecuted, unpopular. Christianity then bore the name that Rationalism bears now, “the latest form of Infidelity.” He who became filled with the spirit of Jesus, and acknowledged its divinity and worth, lost caste, fashion, office, wealth—often Life. If a Priest he was excommunicated—if a Layman, anathematized. It was a bar to preferment, and an utter prevention of Popularity.

But from true lives lived in heroic, uncomplaining silence; from true words dropping in secret places; from midnight meetings in grave yards and stone quarries and catacombs; from a thousand martyrdoms, Christianity came forth; and Heathenism, with its Temples on every hill top, and Oracles in every valley, and Spies in every home, and Power in every council, fled away like some noxious exhalation of the Night.

Orthodoxy in the Nineteenth Century, like Heathenism in the First Century, is an appearance without a reality, a Form of Godliness without its Power, a Body from whence the Soul has departed—embalmed with spices, clad in gaudy and harlot-like robes—but still a corpse, foul, decaying and corrupting. Now and then, as in the Anniversaries, we see it brought forth in state, galvanized into a ghastly look of Life, and the multitudes of sleek Priests and silly Women bow down crying, “Great is Diana of the Ephesians, and the Image that fell down from Jupiter;”—but there is no Life there; spite of gold, and fashion, and the power of a multitudinous hierarchy, and a time serving press, it cannot linger—the Grave claims its own.

Life out of Death, Immortality springing from the Grave, this is our Brother's Teaching, our Father's Law. While Sectarism is dying out—while the Holy Evangelical Alliance lies on its death bed, in a lobby where half a dozen attendant Doctors converse in whispers concerning the Moral Government of God, and his Inscrutable Decrees, great Halls are thronged with multitudes meeting in the holy name of Humanity, and Divine Life and Love flows as light from the morning heaven, from the champions of Progress—the Apostles of Reform. We are living over the days of the Transfiguration, and the Sermon on the Mount. Christ's words this day fall in music from many a tongue, from many a heart that Heaven itself has kindled into a living Inspiration. Those who strive for Liberty to the Captive, and those who labor for the Reform of the Criminal; those who seek to destroy evil Institutions, and sanguinary and revengeful Laws; those who toil for Industrial Organization, and for weaving God's Law of Order into the warp and woof of Society—they are all here, and there is one language spoken with so many tongues. The flames of Pentecost are kindled again—men and women speak

as the spirit gives utterance---and God's blessing is on it all.

Men who have grown grey in the cause of Humanity, worn more with toil than years; Men yet in the fresh glow of life, with a noble future before them; Men who have been shut up in Prisons, and cast out of Churches, and exposed in the pillory of a venal Press to the curses of the proud, and the abuse of the vile; Men who have devoted Wealth, and Life, and endured all things, and sacrificed all things for God and Humanity are here. And they speak on the great Idea of the Age, and they strengthen each other for coming conflicts, and we see that these men are strong in Purpose as they are loving in Heart, and that the great battle of the Age shall end in Christianity's Universal Triumph.

Look at that audience in the Reform meeting, and contrast it with a Conservative gathering. Self-denial and self-indulgence, spirituality and sensuality, strength of soul and strength of purse, love of humanity and love of the sect, hope of the future and despair of it---how these opposite appearances contrast themselves in the two. God, and Soul, and Power, and Faith, and Love, is with the Party of the Future; distrust, and timidity, and terror, and wealth, and fashion, and despair, are with the Party of the Past. One trembles, for the shadows fade---the other rejoices, for the sun is rising. See too how every thing is eloquent of hope for humanity. The friends of progress gradually blend in one, the day of one-idea-ism, of mere protestation against evil is ending; the day of affirmative teaching and resolute doing is almost here. Soon these isolated meetings shall resolve into the "PEOPLE'S LEAGUE," and these scattered bands shall unite for an assault upon the combined hosts of Evil. See too another sign, the amateur Reformers, the men who used to keep up a left handed union with us because they loved to be applauded for their fine sentiments and polished style, have left us; slunk to their dens in the pulpit and the caucus and the counting room, as the hour of action comes. The God gifted, the men of earnestness and bravery, the "Old Guard" are here. Parker is here with his burning words, his voice "of one crying in the wilderness" Reform, "for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." Wendell Phillips too, with words like sledge hammers, strikes thundering at the gates of Oppression; there is Samuel J. May, with his heart-warm face and his strong appeals; and there Hale from the Senate, with an eloquence keen as lightning, and the strength of a true Soul; and there is Pierpont---the preacher whom threats could not terrify nor gold buy; and there Greeley, faltering as he speaks, yet uttering truths that strike like cannon balls; and there the younger Channing, on whom rests the mantle of the ascended Prophet, and a double portion of his spirit. But why enumerate? These belong to "an innumerable company whom no man can number," "the Church of the first born whose names are written in Heaven," and the Present is hopeful with their toils, and the Future shall be glorious with their triumph.

But our space is filled while our theme is yet almost untouched. Let us Rejoice, for the Future is ours;---and let us toil on, with true souls, and warm hearts, and noble purposes, for he must sow the seed who would afterward reap the harvest.

The harvest may be long in ripening, but must mature at last, for the law of cause and effect, of seed time and reaping, can never fail. We are reaping now, in the philanthropy and moral excellence of our time, the fruits of the labors of Him who sowed truth and love in the hearts of men on the slopes of Judea, and by the wave of Galilee. We are strengthened this day by a spiritual force, whose wave-like vibrations flow to us from the first Anniversaries in the little chamber at Jerusalem, and in the Roman Catacombs. Courage and Forward: the Future is our own.

T. L. H.

A FARTHING CANDLE is more convenient for household purposes than stars.

ZANONI.

MUSIC AS A REMEDIAL AGENT.

THERE are cases on record in which music has been successfully employed in the cure of disease. We propose to mention one. David the poet of the Hebrews was employed in the occupation of feeding his father's flocks, when Saul the king of Israel, falling into a state of melancholy bordering on insanity, sent for him at the suggestion of his physicians, who recommended music as a remedy for his gloomy hallucination. The experiment proved successful. The shepherd boy played on his harp in presence of Saul, and the delightful effusions of "linked sweetness" had the effect to quiet the conflicting elements of his nature;

"To calm the passions, and soothe the soul."

Saul's spirits gradually revived as the young minstrel gayly swept the chords of his lyre, filling the lone depths of the saddened spirit with his "native wood-notes wild,"

"Untwisting all the chains that tie

The hidden soul of harmony."

The learned are divided concerning the nature of Saul's malady. Some suppose it to have been a diseased state of the intellectual and moral faculties, growing out of his gloomy apprehensions and settled dejection. Others perhaps more orthodox in their notions, have imagined that the "evil spirit" which is said to have troubled Saul, was the *devi*, who finding him a morose and ill-natured man, possessing a disposition and temperament for which he had a strong predilection, actually took possession of his soul; that the evil designs and purposes of the devil were manifested in the conduct of Saul whenever the latter was under the influence of his gloomy insanity, thus establishing the truth of the old proverb that, "Satan delights to fish in troubled waters."

An ingenious author, who supposes Saul's malady to have been a derangement of the nervous and fibrous systems, endeavors to account for the salutary effects of music, in his case, in the following manner: "Health consists in a moderate tension of the fibres, which permits all the fluids to have an entire freedom of circulation, and to the spirits, that of diffusing themselves through all the limbs; on the contrary, *disease* consists in tensions of the fibres morbidly weak, or morbidly strong

This latter seems to have been the case of Saul; and as the undulations of the air which convey *sound*, communicate themselves to and through the most solid bodies, it is easy to suppose that by the undulations of music, all the fibres of the body, which were under the influence of their morbidly increased tension, might be so relaxed as to be brought back to their natural state, and thus permit the re-establishment of a free and gentle circulation of the fluids, and thus induce calmness and tranquility of mind.

This hypothesis has, at least the merit of ingenuity. The fact that music may be employed to subdue the passions, and to tranquilize the mind, is confirmed by universal observation and experience. Of this we have an instance in the case of Elisha, who being in an unpleasant frame of mind, on a certain occasion sent for a minstrel to play in his presence. The music served to compose the mind of the prophet. A holy quiet reigned within---a spirit breathed upon him, and he received the prophetic influence.

S. B. F.

A PROPHECY OF PEACE.

Down the great Future, through long generations,
War-echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear at last the voice of Christ say "PEACE."
Peace, and no longer from those brazen portals,
The float of War's great organ shakes the skies,
But, beautiful as sons of the Immortals,
The holy melodies of Love arise!

[LONGFELLOW.]

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE.

SPRING-TIME is again with us, in all its freshness and beauty. To *us* in the country, this fact is a "real reality;" while to *you* of the city, it is scarcely more than imaginary, or at best, realized in only half its richness and excellence.

No reflecting observer can look abroad upon the earth at any time, but especially at this above all other times, without being forcibly struck with the infinite variety and yet the perfect harmony manifested in every department of her vast domain. Her products present an endless succession of changes, in each of her kingdoms, from the most minute atom to the most gigantic mass; from the most plain and simple forms, to the most brilliant and complicated combinations; from the most humble fabric, to the most magnificent structure; from the most delicate tints, to the most vivid colorings; from the roughest and coarsest, to the most elegant and graceful proportions; from the harshest sounds, to the most musical tones. An endless series of forms, colors, sounds, constructions and proportions, yet all in perfect order; each adapted to its own end, as well as to its connexion with another.

And the same of man, the crowning excellence of the whole work, created with desires and necessities, each of which finds its most perfect gratification among the objects by which he is surrounded: that is, always providing it be a natural and legitimate one. He is a creature possessed of physical wants, of intellectual tastes and desires, of spiritual aspirations, and lo! he finds himself in the midst of an abundance, from whence he can select enough to satisfy all his requirements, and yet leave enough for every other creature of like requirements.

Here are color for the eye, sound for the ear, food for the actual necessities of the system, objects of affection, beings with minds and souls to love, and proofs of a Great Sustaining Whole, to confide in and adore. What more could be asked, what more could be even imagined, actually necessary to produce happiness? for be it remembered with all these things, the man creatively possesses faculties and powers with which to understand, to appreciate, and to appropriate them to his own use.

Truly this is a beautiful, an excellent, a wonderful creation! Well might its Author pronounce it "Good." Yet with all its perfections standing out in prominent and glorious characters upon its face, men are so blasphemous as to call it a "world of sin and sorrow," a "vale of tears," a "land of suffering," and the like; and in that indefinite manner, too, which would lead a person unacquainted with the actual state of things, to infer that the pain and misery were results of some imperfection in the creation.

Even *professed* preachers of the Gospel, spiritual teachers, speak of a change from this state of wickedness to one of bliss, as a thing above all others to be desired; teach that death removes one from this sinful, miserable life, to one of perfect endless purity and happiness; and even attempt to console mourners for the loss of a departed one, by encouraging resignation to the will and work of God, who has in love and compassion removed their dear one from this land of pain and suffering to a home of joy, where tears shall be wiped from all eyes, and parting and death shall no more enter.

That there is on this earth too much of pain, and suffering, and wretchedness, is too true, and the heart of real sympathy and compassion bleeds therefor, and would strive by all just means to allay it; to ameliorate the condition of its victims, and substitute instead, joy, peace and happiness.

But do these same teachers of piety and spirituality strike at the root of this misery, by telling people in plain terms that they are the authors of their own sufferings? For to what other source can it be justly imputed? God pronounced his part of the work "good," and probably any one would accuse me of falsehood, were I to say, he believed otherwise; or if misinter-

pretation, were I to say the common cant from many of the pulpits amounts to nothing better than accusing the Creator of leaving his work so imperfect that misery resulted therefrom; if he did not even create the misery himself, or the sin, which was its cause. And yet I would ask the candid mind, what better is much of the indefinite, non-committal preaching of the present day, upon the present and future states of being?

If the Great First Cause was correct—and I firmly believe he was—when he pronounced the result of his Will, the visible forms of his Thoughts, "Good," then whatever of evil exists, must be traced to some other source, and without quibbling or gainsaying, all reasonable people will probably admit, that it is traceable to the inventions which man has sought out by the illegitimate use of his powers and faculties. If this be true, why not preach it? Preacher, do you labor for the *real good of mankind*? Will not a knowledge of his real condition, of his wanderings and errors, as *his own faults*, and the means of correcting himself, do more toward placing him in the condition of happiness for which he was primally destined, than aught else? Methinks I hear an affirmative reply from every heart. Why not preach such truth then?

Let alone dogmas and controverted points: of what use are they, but to feed the flames of contention, which already flash too keenly, and scorch too deeply, and teach of the realities of life. Tell of this beautiful world, and all the happiness it is capable of producing; tell of the good life here, and how to live it, that all may become its blessed partakers. Do this, and we shall all do well enough, without meddling with a future world and life.

What right have you to promise to sinners future happiness? If by their sinful actions here, they bring misery upon themselves and others, why may they not do so in another state of being? God does not *force* them to be happy here: will he ever do so? I trow not. We need not wait for death to introduce us into Heaven. We need not leave this earth to find it. As much Heaven is here, as we are *now* capable of enjoying; but we wilfully and willingly turn our backs upon it, and rush into forbidden grounds, through unnatural paths.

Hereafter, the Heaven will be no more perfect than we are *then prepared* to enjoy, nor shall we enjoy then more than now, unless we follow the laws of our being.

Preachers, give up preaching: there is already too much of it, and it is too selfish, and partial, and indefinite. Reform yourselves, and become real Teachers of the way to a true and good Life.

F. M. B.

IS IT A NEW SECT.

THE Michigan State Convention of Universalists passed the following Resolution at a meeting in February, as we learn from the "Ambassador" of this city:

"*Resolved*, That in order to be a Universalist, it is necessary to believe in the Old and New Testaments, as containing a sufficient revelation; and that the life, teachings, miracles, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, as given in the Gospels, are divine truth."

I well remember the time when a belief in the final salvation of all, was the thing *necessary* to be believed to be reckoned one of the faith, and its histories have so put it down. Why the change? Must we take the Bible unqualifiedly, that is, "the whole or none," in order to the retention of fellowship? If so the catalogue of preachers must be greatly reduced in the next Register, and the statistics also. And the new Sect will, I suppose, choose committees to look into men's heads and creeds to select such as are wanted. For my part, I have no special objection to an examination of my head or creed. But this one thing I would like to retain, my individual choice of friends and associates till such times as I may not be considered capable of doing it; then kind guardians might be of service. Z. B.

THEODORE PARKER.

This great and good man was present at the Anniversaries held in New York last week, and was seen and heard by many of our people for the first time. His strong and earnest words in favor of Liberty and Progress made a deep impression on many hearts. His style is simple, his insight keen; he dissects at once to the very core of his subject and holds it up before every one, so visibly, in such clear light that all see it as he does. And all the time you feel that there is something far grander in the man than in any thing that has proceeded from him. He reminds us of the historical sketches of John Knox the Scottish Reformer, or rather of what Knox would have been had his nature been saturated with Christian love, instead of the cold subtleties of Calvinism. There is the same vigorous life, the same warmth and power and earnestness in all he says and does. Like Knox in the court of Scotland, Parker stands up in luxurious, time-serving cold hearted Boston, with a "thou art the man" for every powerful offender, and a blessing like heavens own smile and tear for the wretched and penitent and outcast. We copy the following extract from the "Prisoner's Friend" as showing the impression Parker makes on humanity loving men and women who listen to his words:

"Who is Theodore Parker? What are his doctrines? Is he a dangerous man? Who can answer? Who is able to do? Were I to attempt to answer these queries, I should say, he is *Theodore Parker*, and that there is but one Theodore Parker—no other man like him in the world. He has an *INDIVIDUALITY*—exists in himself—thinks for himself—speaks for himself—is fearless of consequence—is full of noble thoughts—is elevated in his views—breathes in an atmosphere which few have respired, and perhaps I might add, which few *can* respire who are numbered in the *living age*. Write *ELOQUENCE* upon his *tongue*, *PROGRESS* upon his *brow*, *SINCERITY* upon his *heart*, and then look at him and see *who* and *what* he is. What are his doctrines? Ask his defamers—reiterate the same question to those who condemn with pious horror! Find two of this class who can answer alike; two who will endow him with the same characteristics; two who will see in him the same Theodore Parker!—They might agree in branding him an Infidel—a dangerous man—but in what other regards would they harmonize. The opinion of an humble individual like myself, cannot make one hair white or black. I have heard much of him, *read* him; but never, I regret to say it, listened but once to his lofty—his manly eloquence. What a prayer of overflowing earnestness was that I heard—what deep impassioned words of desire (the soul's true prayer) swelled up from the heart—rolled in full liquid harmony from his tongue. I have heard many prayers from many lips, but never one like that—so freighted with what (I believe) God loves. Perhaps it may be deemed wrong to speak of a prayer, a thing so sacred that it concerns man and his maker—but I allude to it because I thought it *was* a prayer. It had no coldness, no formality, was a passionate petition for the mercies needed by all human flesh—a grateful pean for the past—the present. But the sermon I cannot speak of. It was elaborated in one brain,—was original—and yet the concentrated force of many intellects might have failed to produce its equal, and not have had cause to be mortified at the failure. It was a great embodiment of thought, of truth, of utility, all of that concerns the happiness of man. How many entertain such an idea of "the kingdom of heaven," as was advanced last Sabbath—and how many left the Melodeon without feeling *elevated*, and made *better* by what they had heard. Who can say he is a *dangerous man*, after listening to his burning words? If he is dangerous, he can be dangerous only to error and bigotry. Those who cannot or will not comprehend him, those who will not study him, must form the class who are not benefitted by his labors—who defame him.

In person there is nothing very remarkable about him. His features express much intellectual power—and the workings of

an indomitable will, may be traced thereupon. He is, judging from his physiognomy, a man to meet the *world*—a man to *overcome difficulties*—a man deeply versed in the love of humanity—a man who can trace the motions of the mind upon the human face—a reader of character.

THE FREE CHURCH.

A MEETING was held by the Religious Congregation worshipping in the Coliseum, on Sunday afternoon, after the services, for the purpose of forming a temporary organization, and appointing a Committee to circulate subscriptions with a view to the permanent establishment of a Free Church. Horace Greeley, Esq., was elected Chairman, and Mr. O. McDaniel, Secretary. A Committee of seven was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting. The Committee will attend to their duties during the present week, and report on Sunday afternoon, at the close of the Religious exercises. Subscription lists may be found at Mr. Greeley's office in the Tribune buildings; at the book-store of Messrs. Fowler & Wells, Clinton Hall, and at this Office. The prospects of the Society are very flattering, every seat in the Coliseum being filled with most intelligent and respectable hearers.

THE CLAIRVOYANT TRANCE.

WE extract the article which follows, from Mrs. Crowes "Night side of Nature." Other instances of a similar character have occurred within our knowledge. The seemingly unnatural part of the statement is that which refers to the fact of the sea-captain saying that he saw the Seer in London, while, physically, the Atlantic was between them. It is explained in this way. The Seer, finding the person sought after by spiritual vision, impressed the fact of his presence upon his mind, and then questioned him mentally and obtained an answer. The Captain imagined he saw the questioner, because his form was impressed on the mind, and thus, through interior faculties and not through exterior senses, daguerretyped on the retina.

"One of the most remarkable cases of this kind, is that recorded by Jung Stilling, of a man, who, about the year 1740, resided in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, in the United States. His habits were retired, and he spoke little; he was grave, benevolent, and pious, and nothing was known against his character, except that he had the reputation of possessing some secrets that were not altogether *lawful*. Many extraordinary stories were told of him, and among the rest, the following:—The wife of a ship captain, whose husband was on a visit to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had forgotten her; and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aperture, and, to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he was dead. She, of course, did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons; but that he was then in a coffee house in London, and would very shortly be home again. Accordingly, he arrived, and as the lady learnt from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information; and in this she was gratified; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician, than he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him; and that he, the Captain, had thereon mentioned how he had been prevented writing; adding that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger amongst the throng, and knew nothing more about him."

Original Communications.

UNITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERCÆLUM,
BY JOSIAH JOHNSON.

[CONTINUED.]

MAN being a Microcosm, or Unity of all things existing below him, cannot therefore live harmoniously with himself, or with Nature, unless the streams that supply his existence are allowed to flow naturally into his being. Neither can his social relations become perfected, unless his natural rights are allowed to flow in their direct and proper channel.

If man has a natural right to a portion of earth, he cannot be deprived of that right by his fellows, without disturbing or destroying their social relations. Can the branch exist when severed from the vine? Or can the acorn become an oak, unless nourished and expanded by a requisite quantity of earth? They wither and perish without sustenance! Has man a natural right to a portion of earth? On the *practical* answer to this question depends the continuance of the present disorganization of society. Man is born of earth, and shall not the mother be allowed to nurse her legitimate offspring? Their mutual relations must be sustained, or disorder ensues. Sever man from earth, and he perishes.

On examination of the past history of Nations, we find this truth universal. When the land was owned and occupied by the *many*, good order and plenty reigned—when monopolized by the *few*, disorder, want, and famine ruled.

A celebrated French historian says, "The land of France belongs to fifteen or twenty millions of peasants who cultivate it; the land of England to thirty-two thousand individuals who get it cultivated. The English, not sticking the same roots into the soil, emigrate wherever gain invites. They say, *our country*; we, *our native land*. With us, man and the land are linked together and will not sever, they are lawfully married for life and death. The French man has wedded France.

France is a land of equity. In doubtful cases she has generally adjudged the land to him who has tilled it. England, on the contrary, has decided in favor of the lord, and expelled the peasant; she is now cultivated by laborers. Serious moral difference! Whether a possession be great or small it rejoices the heart. The man who would otherwise be without self-respect, respects and values himself on account of his little holding. Single out at random from that crowd a working man, who owns a twentieth of an acre, you will not find in him the feelings of the working man, the hireling; he is a land owner. Small holdings are no novelty in France. It is erroneously supposed that they are of late date, the work of one crisis, an accident of the revolution. A grand mistake. The revolution found them widely spread, and was born of this long established change.

In 1785 an excellent observer, Arthur Young, was surprised and alarmed at seeing the land *so divided* here. In 1738 the Abbe de St. Pierre observes, that in France "*the working classes have almost all a garden on some strip of a vineyard or of a field*." In 1697 Boisguillebert deploras the necessity to which the small proprietors were reduced in Louis Fourteenth's day, of parting with most of the holdings they had acquired in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This great but little known history, presents one remarkable feature—in the worst times, in periods of universal poverty, when the rich become poor and are forced to sell, the poor find themselves enabled to buy. In default of purchasers, the ragged peasant steps in with his bit of gold, and becomes possessor of a nook of land. These periods of misfortune in which the peasant has been able to purchase cheaply, have always been followed by a sudden and inexplicable increase of productive-

ness. About the year 1500 for instance, when France, exhausted by Louis XI, was about to consummate her ruin in Italy, the nobles who accompany the army are obliged to sell; the land passing into new hands, all at once teems with plenty."

We find in our own land, when the earth is cultivated by the owner, happiness and comfort prevail—when lands are leased, confusion and disorder reign. Contrast, for instance, the anti-rent or leased districts, with other portions of the State of New York: on one hand we find the land smiling with happiness and plenty—on the other discontent and desolation. Contrast the State of Ohio with Virginia, divided only by a river; in the former we find the land well cultivated, the people thrifty and happy—in the latter, the land "overgrown with thorns; nettles have covered its face, and the stone wall broken down," the people in want, discontented and miserable. Shall we not "look upon it and receive instruction?"

May we limit the amount of land that shall be possessed by each individual? Certainly we *may*, if monopoly thereof is injurious. But says one, will you not allow us to own as much land as we purchase and pay for—if not, you deny to us our legal rights, and our moral also, for the Bible undoubtedly sanctions dealing in lands. The same argument is often used by those that traffic in, and enslave the Negro race. Let us bring this question *home*! Should we, if *ourselves* and *children* were in *bondage*, be satisfied on being told the Bible sanctioned it. I think not. Neither will slavery harmonize with the precepts of Jesus, which require us to do unto others as we would wish them to do to us.

There are very few, I imagine, in this latitude, that are willing to defend the institution of slavery, although the right of man to enslave his fellow seems to be derived from the same source as that of land traffic. Shall it be said, that because our traders on the coast of Africa, two hundred years ago, exchanged a quantity of rum, a few beads, and other traps, for a parcel of Negroes, or kidnapped them, as was most frequently the case, and brought them to this country, that they and their children shall continue in slavery to the end of Time? Fraternity forbids it.

In virtue of what right, has man reduced his brethren to a state of vassalage, by monopolizing the soil? Shall it be said, that because the Dutch granted to Killian Van Rensselaer half a million of acres of land in the State of New York, that those who are born on, and cultivate those lands, shall pay for each hundred acres yearly, twenty bushels of wheat, one and one half days work, and a pair of chickens, to him and his heirs forever? What right had the Dutch to grant these lands to individuals? We are told that they sent their emissaries to this country, with a few blankets, flints, beads and ornaments, with the accursed fire-water, which they distributed as presents to the Indians, and they in return, were allowed to hunt, fish, and occupy the land as they had need—some pushed their vessels up the rivers, occasionally landed, and made proclamation in presence of the trees, to the beasts and birds, that they had taken possession of the soil in name of their Government! This was the origin of their title. Other titles are equally defective.

It is clearly seen then, that the *right* to traffic in the soil has no better foundation than that of slavery—both were born of despotism, nursed by oppression and tyranny, and *must die* in the progress of the race. Can we *doubt*, when we turn our eyes across the Atlantic, and observe there the order of events? England moving forward steadily, with measured step, toward Freedom, and the enfranchisement of the race; France, with gigantic strides, rushing like the tornado, scattering King-craft and Aristocracy to the four winds, on whose banner is inscribed Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—words heretofore considered chimerical, and to exist only in the mind of the Utopian, but have now become a living reality.

The words, "Organization of Labor," also have meaning, and will soon become practical. The German and Italian States

are following closely in the wake of France. When we turn to our own land, we behold the workmen* already beginning to free the soil, making it a fit foundation for the great social fabric about to be reared. The Trades-Unions, Temperance Unions, Odd Fellows, and the various forms of mutual guaranteeism arising on every side, are all co-operating in the great work. Let us go on then, in the various departments, to fit and prepare the materials according to the design of the great Architect, so that when brought together, in the fulness of Time, the structure may be raised and completed, without the sound of the hammer.

*NATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION.

Original Poetry.

EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY REV. NELSON BROWN.

[FROM THE INVOCATION.]

O THOU pervading Presence! Life and Light,
And kindling Essence of all things of Earth—
Of all in Heaven, so holy, pure and bright,
All in Thee claiming a mysterious birth!
Thou Wisdom, Love, and Power—thou Soul of All,
Hear thou the yearning Souls that humbly on Thee call!
Thou art the spring of Life. All live in Thee,—
Each human heart throbs by the greater HEART—
Each yearning Soul of Immortality,—
The mystic, spirit-flame, of Thee a part:
Thou hast the key of each frail, mortal shrine,
Whene'er thou wilt, hence soars the wondrous spark divine.
Thou hast the Keys of NATURE! By thy hand
Almighty, do all orbs in glory roll—
Thou art the central Heart of all—the grand,
The mystic, energizing Pulse and Soul;
Thy thoughts, O God, gleam out from Nature's Laws;
Their inner force shows forth their first and mighty Cause!
Where art Thou not? All worlds are full of Thee!
Thy wondrous Presence fills unmeasured space;
Thy Wisdom, Power, and Glory e'er we see,
Though veiled from mortals thy majestic face;
Thy blazing eye beholds each starry sphere,
Marks too our earthly sorrows, and each falling tear.

* * * * *

In every yearning, throbbing human Soul
Is felt thy presence and thy majesty;
There thou hast written on the inner-scroll
The spirit's birth, its work, and destiny;
There art thou God, in all our yearnings near,
Pointing each trembling Soul beyond its clay-girt sphere!
From Lapland regions of eternal snows
To Eden climes of bright, perennial bloom,—
Where mystic Niger in lone grandeur flows
Through desert wastes, of wild and awful gloom;
There all the tribes and tongues thy presence feel,
Though round their pagan altars they may blindly kneel.

* * * * *

Where mountain-waves upon old Ocean dash—
Glowing like liquid amber in the light
Of half-veiled stars,—where distant thunders crash,
And lightnings gleam athwart the brow of Night,—
Where heard the storm-king's fierce and mighty roar,
There art thou God, in thy sublime and awful Power!

* * * * *

Where spring the tiny seeds to infant life,
And onward thence to ripe and golden grain,—
Where wafts the breeze, with grateful fragrance rife

From garden flowers, when falls the gentle rain,—
Where warble birds, in each green, waving tree,
Glad'ning our hearts with their sweet minstrelsy,—
Where 'mild green meadows laughs the merry stream,
Murm'ring soft music ever in its flow—
Where in the sunlight its pure waters gleam,
And hill, and vale, and sky, with beauty glow,—
There is thy Presence, smiling over all,
There doth thy Goodness grateful praises from us call!

HEWLETT-PLACE, MARCH, 1848.

CUPID AND THE ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERGELUM,

BY J. W. R.

"In Eden's rosy bowers,"
Young Love once chose
The fairest of the flowers—
The young Moss-rose.
To aim at her a dart
He soon made ready,
For well he knew "faint heart
Ne'er won fair lady"
He, being blind-fold, sought
The rose in vain—
So, "if he ventured nought
He'd nothing gain."
A lucky chance, he knew,
Was Love's indenture—
He therefore bravely "drew
A bow at venture."
His little "bow well bent
And smart the string,"
Upon its errand sent,
The dart took wing.
It missed its destined end—
The *beau-ideal*—
But—all the more a friend—
It found A REAL.
And there "the worm i' the bud"
That meanly grew,
Consuming the life's blood,
Love's arrow slew.
The barb that pierced the foe,
Fixed like an anchor,
When Love the shaft withdrew,
Withdrew the canker.
Its wounded heart to bind—
With modest grace
The rose its neck inclined
To Love's embrace.
But when the worm was killed
The rose grew fickle,
And thus its stem he filled
With many a prickle.
At last to heaven he goes,
With hope and fear,
And there he found the Rose
He sought for here.
He left on earth, behind,
His bow and quiver,
And, in the Rose enshrined,
Was blest forever.

Miscellaneous Department.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHIMNEY.

CHAPTER X.

I REMEMBER well the fair October morning, when my capstone was finally adjusted, and I stood up in the world, with the first manifest consciousness of individual being. I looked forth over the sharp angle of the roof—took a survey of the gable end, which fronted Kapsee—and having thus made acquaintance with my immediate associates, and neighbors, the vision extended itself, and went abroad over all that beautiful horizon: and though more than two centuries have now gone by, the scene is still fresh, as if it were but a thought of yesterday. A range of high bluffs skirted the East River, which were classed by the Indians under the general name of Ashibic. They have been long since leveled down, and are now described in the curve of Pearl street. In the region of Center street lay a kind of sluggish pond, called by the Indians Jackawashee, or swamp of the racoons, and afterwards long known as the Little Collect or Kolch; and extending far back of Broadway on the east, from Anthony street to Grand, lay an extensive range of marshes, called then Washapoo, or big swamp, and since known as THE COLLECT,* which communicated with the East river by several small creeks. These great swamps and quagmires were teeming with aquatic birds; while noisome insects, and loathsome reptiles, nestled amid their rank vegetation.

The Indian path which led over what is now the Trinity plateau, divided at the foot of Chatham street; and curving round the southern border of the marsh, led to the village of Warpoes; and the smokes of that settlement might be distinctly seen, curling their light wreathes up into the still air; while the peaks of Abic,† Warponeto, and Penabict were visible through the opening wood. Away from the above mentioned path branched another, leading to the Indian village of Lapinikan, near the junction of Hudson and Charlton streets; while in an opposite direction, clear across the Island, on the East river side, lay the little settlement of Nahtok, nestling on the point now known as Corlear's Hook.

Considerable creeks ran along the natural openings of Canal street, and Maiden Lane—the first toward the North, and the other toward the East River. The bay was dotted by a few bark canoes,—and the little Dutch yacht sat among them like a foreign Queen. The upper part of the Island was one dense forest, the middle a perfect *terra-incognita* of marsh and swamp; and the lower part was thickly wooded, with here and there a grassy glade, or a patch of tillage; while the shores of the neighboring islands, now mostly covered by the habitations of men, were draped in a garniture of almost unbroken forest.

I remember well the bright colors of the foliage, on that fair October morning. They were varied and gorgeous, as if the Painter of the Frost-King had dipped his pencil in all the hues that tinge the rainbow. The hazel copse, and the teeming nut-trees, scattered abroad their autumn treasures, and as the rich brown fruits fell heavily to the ground, they called the glad squirrel to his harvest home. The golden sunlight lay with a rich contrast upon the purple clusters of the grape, that hung in tempting sweetness, wherever the clambering vine had wandered, over the brow of rock and tree.

I have been thus particular to notice the expression of these early features, as I shall be in future to mark their several changes, because the time is coming, when even Tradition will

*Mr. Brower has supposed that Collect was derived from a Dutch word meaning burnt lime; while others have thought, and with better reason, that it was an English corruption of Kolch, meaning "fresh water."

†A high rock on the point of Kapsee.

‡Mount Washington.

forget his office; and there will be none to tell, with the authority of an eye witness, of the transitions of the Past; and the strong and undefinable interest, which ever carries the thoughtful and feeling mind back into the heart of causes, must perish forever.

When I look upon the widely-spreading and populous city, with the floods of human life rushing through its streets, its noble structures, its piles of merchandise, and its lovely bay, thronged with ships from every nation of the world, I forget the long bridge of years between the Present and the Past, and it seems as if the changes had been created by the spell of some weird Enchanter, who had wrought upon the face of Yesterday the features of To-day. But dear as they are---ay, fresh and green as the memories of an hour---I must not dwell upon the scene; for with the natural love of Age for the pleasing associations of Youth, I should linger there too long. Let us now revert to the central current of our story.

Immediately after the launching of his yacht, the Schipper Blok set off upon a voyage of discovery. He sailed from the Great, or Hudson river, explored the tumultuous waters of Helle-gadt;* and coursing along the Sound, determined the insular character of Seawanhacky---then steering for the coast named by Hudson New Holland, but since known as Cape Cod---where, for the present, we lose sight of him, and return to Manhattan.

Day by day the lovely sufferer drooped, and yet so gently---so flatteringly---there were times when hope *would* revisit the hearts of her friends. During all the fine days she yet went abroad, though her strength would not suffice for a long walk. It was at one of these seasons, when she was sitting in a sheltered and sunny nook, with Cornelius leaning mournfully over her, that, after a deep silence of some minutes, she looked up suddenly, and whispered in a voice scarcely audible, "It is coming; and we cannot escape it!"

"What is coming? Speak, Emilie! Speak, my beloved! What is it you fear?"

"Death!" she said; and the hollow echoes of her voice confirmed the truth of that fearful and withering syllable.

"I cannot---O, I never can believe it," he answered, dropping her hand, while he sank upon the ground, as if his whole being were collapsed in the unspeakable anguish that pressed upon him.

"Ah, my love!" she whispered, bending down and caressing him tenderly, as she parted the hair away and kissed his forehead, "I have long struggled against the conviction; but now it is forced upon me, and I can resist it no longer. Let us---we must be prepared;" and she gazed into his eyes with such a look as seemed the transfusion of her whole soul into his. "Cornelius," she resumed, "you must nerve yourself, that you may have strength to meet what is unavoidable."

"It is not---it cannot be!" he cried, rising from the ground as if he would do instant battle with the secret enemy. "Ah, my love!" he continued, "what strange fantasy has possessed you? You are young---your constitution cannot yet be vitally impaired! You will---you must---you shall live!---Speak, my Emilie---is it not so?"

"Ah no!" she answered, in a deep, solemn tone of voice, that rang through the silence of his listening heart like the knell of hope---and as she spoke she pressed a hand upon her side.

"O, what is there?" he asked; "is there a weakness---a pain? Tell me, Emilie! Speak, or I shall die!"

"Cornelius," she replied, taking his cold hand, and bending her burning cheek upon it, "it is all vain to hope! My days are numbered; and they are very few! Another summer---nay, another winter will look upon my grave. I have now much to say to you---much that should soothe and comfort you---I

*This name is generally understood to mean Hell-gate, or hole of Hell---but Dr. Heckewelder renders it "Beautiful Pass."

have long shrunk from doing this, because of your unwillingness to believe; but now I can defer it no longer."

"It is not possible," he said, "that all these beautiful hopes have been but the idle images of dreams! Can this love which swallowed up every other feeling—which took full possession of the heart—the senses—the soul—can this also mock me with the taunt of change? Must I ever feel through every fibre—every particle of my being—that it *was*—but that it is no longer?—Ah, Emilie! cruel! cruel!" And he turned away to hide the tears that were gushing from his eyes.

"O no," she responded, "believe it not, my dearest! Our love, which is a portion of the soul itself, can never die! I have had wonderful visions of the Future—I have been led far away from sphere to sphere of human progress; and through, and in them all, I ever beheld two spirits—two in form, but one in thought, in purpose, in affection—bearing the image, O my beloved, of thee and me. There they were, hand in hand, heart in heart, being in being—their biune nature conscious of the twofold unity of affection, ever flowing on—upward—into such fullness of blessing, as all words are insufficient to express—all imagination fails to reach! Such is our destiny, O, wedded partner of my soul; and when I look at it, the little round of years, which makes the life of this earth, becomes a mere point—an absolute nothing—in the comparison! And yet it embodies an eternity of joy; and we must ever bless its memory; for here was the germ of our love first unfolded!"

For a moment he seemed to measure and comprehend the sublimity of her thought. His eyes brightened, and his cheek glowed with unwonted spirit-exaltation. But the effort was too great. No finite creature can compass and take home to itself, the infinite through which its spirit vibrates, until it has been expanded to the measure of what it embraces. His countenance fell; and again the overwhelming thought of his loss, rushed upon him with a force completely paralyzing.

He was silent for a few moments; and then he exclaimed despondingly—"O it is too far off! I cannot reach it! I cannot even see it! I would have you here, my love—here in this beautiful earth—ever by my side! O, I have had such fair dreams of life!—We would be so tender—so true—so wholly necessary to each other!—We would make this wilderness an Elysium; while love, in its immeasurable fulness, should be ever deepening—ever enriching in our hearts. O, Emilie, say not all this is vain!—I cannot—I will not believe you!"

"I said not so, my dearest!" she replied, while an angelic smile played over her pale features. "It is most truly not vain; for this love—this dream—if you will call it so—futile as it may appear to you, is yet binding the union of the present, to the infinite fulness of future joy!—I cannot speak more just now, for I am nearly exhausted. But do not, O my dearest, do not increase my distress, by resisting the Providence of God."

As she ceased speaking, she sank down upon the mossy ground, nearly fainting. After a few moments, however, she became able, with the joint assistance of Cornelius and his father, who had come out to urge her immediate return, to walk to the cabin.

From this day she rapidly declined in bodily strength; but the spirit brightened ever as the connecting links which bound it to the flesh gave way. Almost all her periods of comparative ease were passed in efforts to prepare Cornelius and his father for the approaching crisis; nor were they wholly unsuccessful.

Silently, and serenely, she faded away, with but slight bodily suffering; and for some time after this she was wholly unable to walk abroad; but sometimes during the soft summer-like noon of those beautiful October days, either Cornelius or Mongotucksee would carry her out in his arms; for her slight form was now no more a burden than that of a child.

Since her extreme illness, the young Chief had been almost a constant inmate of the cabin—sitting at her feet, and drinking in hope and comfort from the sublime revelations, to the percep-

tion and utterance of which, her soul had been expanded. And sometimes it seemed as if an Angel had come down from Heaven; and they almost looked for wings to spread themselves over, and waft her away.

For some weeks the mind of Emilie had dwelt upon her mother with unusual tenacity. She frequently expressed a decided conviction that she should yet see her, during her sojourn in the tabernacle of earth; and indeed, this hope now seemed to be almost the only tie which bound her to life—or rather, which barred her entrance into a higher and purer life. She frequently said that her mother was approaching—that she *felt* her drawing near. If there was the echo of an unusual step she would start, with a nervous anxiety of manner painful to witness; and when the hunters, or Indians, came from any of the Northern settlements, she would summon them to her presence, and question them with intense agitation concerning their journey and adventures; as if she expected to hear tidings, for which she durst not ask.

By one of the strange and unaccountable changes of her tantalizing disease, there was, about this time, a sudden reinvigoration of the whole system; and the hopes of her friends again revived. It might have been the effect of the weather; for never had the clear, sunny November days, known as the Indian summer, been serener, or lovelier; or it might have been the result of causes unknown.

"It is a fine day, my dearest!—the south wind is bland and balmy as the breath of summer," said Cornelius, one morning, as he leaned over her chair, and pressed his lips to her forehead. "Do you feel yourself able to walk a little way, my love? Faunie has prepared a fine seat for us, open to the sun, and sheltered from the winds—will you go?"

She answered only by turning up her large, mournful eyes, with a look of acquiescence; and wrapping a fur mantle about her, he passed an arm round her delicate waist, and led her out into the open air.

"Stop," said the Commandant, hurrying after them, "your feet, my daughter, should be better protected;" and Faunie, who was behind, knelt gracefully at the feet of the lovely sufferer, and tied on a pair of moccasins, which were the work of her own cunning and delicate hand.

"Ah, my sweet friend," said Emilie, parting away the jetty hair from the maiden's upturned brow, as she bent with a kiss, and a sweet murmur of loving words, "what should I have done without you? Your own love, my noble Faunie, repays itself, or I should despair; but I shall remember it—through ages on ages remember it—with gratitude, and divine joy."

The Indian girl looked up, with her large eyes made more liquid by their tears, while a smile inexpressibly sweet, tender, and mournful, played over her features; and laying a hand on her heart, she said; "The Morning Star shone into my bosom; and the darkness was bright as noonday. The Great Spirit loved his daughter, when he sent the Child of Sunrise, with the double gift of light and love. Oh, Emmie! we have blessed each other, and that is blessing!" Instinctively their hearts were drawn together; and for some minutes they were locked in each other's arms.

"Ah, but this is wrong," whispered Faunie, gently drawing herself away, as she cast a deprecating look toward the Commandant, who had especially required that she should avoid all excitement; but he too was in tears; and bending to kiss his daughter, and bidding her be careful, and return soon, he mournfully followed Faunie to the cabin.

The little bower which was so delicately and comfortably prepared, was but a short way into the woods, and overlooked the path to Warponeto.

SEEK the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which takes an honest mind prisoner. [BACON.]

PROPHETIC DREAMS.

A gentleman residing some miles from Edinburgh, had occasion to pass the night in that city. In the middle of the night, he dreamed that his house was on fire, and that one of his children was in the midst of the flames. He woke, and so strong was the impression upon his mind, that he instantly got out of his bed, saddled his horse and galloped home. In accordance with his dream he found his house in flames, and thus arriving, saved his little girl, about ten months old, who had been forgotten, in a room which the devouring element had just reached.

Another fact we borrow from a recent work by a physician.—A mother, who was uneasy about the health of a child who was out at nurse, dreamed that it had been buried alive. The horrid thought woke her; and she determined to set off for the place without a moment's delay. On her arrival she learned that after a sudden and short illness, the child had died, and had just then been buried. Half frantic from this intelligence, she insisted upon the grave being opened, and the moment the coffin lid was raised she carried off the child in her arms. He still breathed, and maternal care restored him to life. The truth of this anecdote has been warranted—we have seen the child so wonderfully rescued—he is now, in 1843, a man in the prime of life, and filling an important post.

The Jesuit Malvenda, the author of a Commentary on the Bible, saw one night in his sleep, a man laying his hand upon his chest, who announced to him that he would soon die. He was then in perfect health, but soon after being seized by a pulmonary disorder, was carried off. This is told by the sceptic Bayle, who relates it as a fact too well authenticated, even for the apostle of Pyrrhonism to doubt.

We will conclude this present paper by the following, which is not merely given on the authority of the most illustrious of our modern chemists, but which is related as occurring to himself.

Sir Humphrey Davy dreamed one night that he was in Italy, where he had fallen ill. The room in which he seemed to lie struck him in a very peculiar manner, and he particularly noticed all the details of the furniture, etc., remarking in his dream, how unlike anything English they were. In his dream he appeared to be carefully nursed by a young girl whose fair and delicate features were imprinted upon his memory. After some years Davy travelled in Italy, and being taken ill there, actually found himself in the very room of which he had dreamed, attended upon by the very same young woman whose features had made such a deep impression upon his mind. The reader need not be reminded of the authenticity of a statement resting upon such authority, eminent alike for truth that would not deceive, and intelligence that could not be deceived.

A HOME FOR ALL, or a new, cheap, convenient, and superior mode of building: By O. S. FOWLER.

Such is the title of an 8vo., of 100 pages, just issued by Messrs. Fowler & Wells of this city. From a careful examination, we are disposed to allow the author the use of the terms upon the title page in his own manner. The book bears ample care in computation. The author is not satisfied in leaving the reader with his own statement; every calculation is mathematically demonstrated. Having taken interest in the construction of houses, as a matter affecting the happiness of men, in a far greater degree than is usually supposed, we have examined Mr. F's figures throughout. They appear satisfactory and proper, and if the adage, "figures don't lie," is true, the book will immediately engage the attention of house-builders, and seekers of Homes.

To all who are thinking of building houses, and would combine convenience with economy, we recommend to procure this book. Architects will here find much that is new, and suggestions it may be well to heed, that is, those in country places, to which places the book refers.

Z. B.

RHAPSODY,
ON THE RECEPTION OF A LETTER.

PUTTING all trust in you—growing in love for you—
O that I'd wings! I would fly like a dove to you!
O that my poor, trembling pen could reveal to you,
All the affection your words make me feel for you!
May angels that bend at this midnight hour over you,
With their pure wings, as you sleep, softly cover you!

O that in raiment fair,

I a pure angel were,

Ne'er would I let Sin or Sorrow discover you!

Fonder I grow of you, now, for I see in you

More of the strength that my heart knew to be in you;

More of the trust that I strove to increase in you;

More of the love that I feared would soon cease in you;

Kneeling, I pray that you keep yourself pure for me;

That your fond spirit-love, still may endure for me,—

So you'll be nearest

Ever, and dearest,

Of all the kind blessings that Heaven can procure for me!

Y.

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